1600/1346.

UNION

A

POEM

Humbly Dedicated

TO THE

QUEEN.

By *C. D.* Rector of *K*---- in *S*----.

LONDON:

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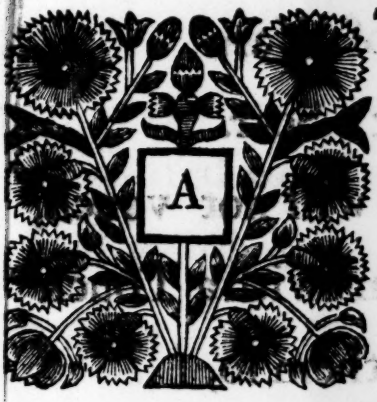
UNION.

To the QUEEN.



AT length, *Great Queen*, that Glorious Work is done,
So much desir'd; but yet perform'd by none.
A Work by other Monarchs try'd in vain:
Reserv'd to Crown the Wonders of your Reign.
A Work for which by Heav'n You were design'd,
When first She form'd your *sweet Magnetick* Mind.
And well foreseeing what there was to come,
Stamp'd you a *Reconciler* in the Womb.

A Mind,

A Mind, whoſe Virtue could attract with eaſe
As far as to the very *Orcades*.
Melting the Northern Ice, and frozen Snow:
And doing what the Sun cou'd ſcarcely do.

This UNION, like a new Creation ſhows,
Whoſe glorious Fabrick from a Chaos roſe:
Where Elements did in Confuſion claſh,
Till All United in one comely Maſs.
Our Tempers, like our Climes, were apt to Jar,
Till you extinguiſh'd all the Seeds of War,
And heal'd th' United Iſle without a Scar.
Your Power of Healing then, who will not vouch,
Whoſe Scepter heal'd two Kingdoms with a Touch?
And by your Healing You Enrich them ſo,
They ſeem to wear your *Golden Medals* too.

You imitate that Glorious Prince of Peace,
Whoſe coming was to make Contention ceaſe:

And make two Sheep-folds to one Shepherd fall,
By diſannulling the *Partition Wall.*
England's and *Scotland*'s Names are laid aſide;
Diſtinctions ſerving only to divide.
And now both Kingdoms to One *Britain* grown,
Proud of ſo Great a Name, forget their own.
Thus Rivulets to noble Rivers grow,
Whilſt doubled Streams in one large Chanel flow.
Thus Rivers meet in Shoars; and boaſt that hence
They ſhall no Rivers but one Sea commence.

United we improve each others ſtore,
And weigh much heavier than we did before.
As Stock and Cyon, nouriſh'd by one Root,
Incorporate, and bear a nobler Fruit.
United we ſupply each others want;
While one has that of which the other's ſcant.
And though in Soil one Part ſuperiour be,
Let us not ſay, *I have no need of Thee.*

Betwixt us let there be one Heart and Soul;
One *Britiſh* Genius running through the whole.
Nor any Strife throughout our Iſle be ſeen,
But who ſhall Honour moſt ſo *Great a Queen.*
And all our Heats be ſpent on none but thoſe,
That would this *Happy Union* diſcompoſe.

Propitious Heav'n preſerve this UNION well,
To break it, may it paſs the power of Hell.
But may it, as deſcended from above,
Like thoſe Immortal Powers, Immortal prove.
May *Peace on Earth*, the old Angelick Song,
Renew the Triumphs of that Glorious Throng.
Till Heaven's high Vaults ring with our Unions fame,
And Ecchoing Spheres repeat our *ANNA's* Name.

And though our *Churches* could not well unite:
As Diſcipline is hardeſt ſtill to hit)
Yet ſince in Doctrine we are both agreed;
And *Proteſtant* Religion is our Creed:

May

May we as Brethren live in Amity,
Beneath the ſhade of one Authority.
Both fenc'd by Laws, and both ſecur'd by Oath,
Under one Sovereign, Guardian to both.
Thus have I often ſeen, as well as heard,
Two Churches friendly ſtand in one Church-Yard.

And now, *Great Queen*, with Laurels crown'd before,
Admit this Olive Wreath amongſt your Store.
By which your Martial Glories are outdone,
As Sickning Stars by the Approaching Sun.
For no Oblivion ſhall this UNION blot:
Should *Ramellies*, and *Blenheim* be forgot.

May You to many happy Years arrive,
To ſee your *Britain* by this UNION thrive.
And if an Off-ſpring Heav'n ſhould You deny,
Be this your Child, and Royal Progeny.
Be this the Off-ſpring of your Virtues rare:
And happy Birth of your Maternal Care.
Till You Arrive at thoſe Bleſt Seats above,
Where nothing dwells but UNION and LOVE.

FINIS.